Def. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the inſtant, I will be return'd, forthwith diſpatch your Attendant there,—looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Def. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Def. He ſaies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bade me to diſmiſſe you.

Em. Diſmiſſe me?

Def. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
VVe muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Em. VVould you had neuer ſeene him.

Def. So would not I, my loue doth ſo approue him,
That euen his ſtubbornneſſe, his checks and frownes,
(Prethee vnpin me) haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied thoſe ſheets you bad me on the bed.

De. All's one, good father; how fooliſh are our minds;
If I doe die before thee, prethee ſhrowd me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheets.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Def. My mother had a maid cal'd *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he ſhe lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forſake her, ſhe had a ſong of willow,
An old thing t'was, but it expreſt her fortune,
And ſhe died ſinging it, that ſong to night
VVill not goe from my mind:
I haue much to doe;
But to goe hang my head all at one ſide, and ſing it like poore *Barbary*; prethee diſpatch.

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne?

Def. No, vnpin me heere.
This *Ledouico* is a proper man.

Em. A very hand ſome man.

Def. He ſpeakes well.

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice*, would haue walk'd barefooted to *Paleſtine*, for a touch of his neither lip.

Deſdemona *ſings.*

The poore ſoule ſate ſighing by a ſicamour tree,
ſing all a green willow,
Her hand on her boſome, her head on her knee,
ſing willow, willow, willow;
The freſh ſtreames ran by her, and murmur'd her mo
ſing willow, willow, willow,
Her ſalt teares fell from her, which ſoftned the ſtones,
ſing willow &c. (Lay by theſe.)
willow, willow.

(Prethee hie thee, he'le come anon.)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his ſcorne I approue:
(Nay, that's not next: harke, who's that knocks?)

Em. T'is the winde.

Def. *I call'd my loue falſe, but what ſayd he then?*
ſing willow, willow willow,
If I court mo women, youle couch with mo men.

So, get thee gon, good night, mine eyes doe itch,
Does that boade weeping?

Em. Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I haue heard it ſaide ſo: O theſe men, theſe men
Doſt thou in conſcience thinke (tell me *Emillia*,)
That there be women doe abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſſe kindes?

Em. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Def. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a thing, for all the world?

Em. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heauenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light;
I might as well doe it in the darke.

Def. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a deed, for all the world?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a ſmall vice.

Def. In troth I thinke thou wouldſt not.

Em. In troth I thinke I ſhould, and vndo't when I